

## Nous Entrerons Aux Splendides Villes

at dawn.

Dripping buildings  
mushroom through the fog. the  
wet sound of tires. gray fur  
of morning  
steaming on the streets. It

clings to clotheslines clings  
to silent glowing streetlights. It

is the breath of birds  
in frozen gardens, the thick  
light from the river. It slides. It

huddles over  
bus-stops. red-eyed,  
tight-jawed, the faces  
of the living straining  
for the sun.

## Praise For A Tired Bodhisattva

"Vanity of vanities," saith  
the preacher, "Vanity of  
vanities. All is vanity."

Wind, smelling of the moon,  
drone of bombers in the distance, all  
the heavy presence  
of the sky. Bees,

gulls,  
trace circles  
in the stillness, in  
odors  
clinging to the sea. The day

shimmers on rock  
on water, cities.  
Some-

one still  
lights fires on the hilltops.

-- Ray Nelson

Storrs, Connecticut